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"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

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A PITIFUL APPEAL.



PUCK.

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, August 10th, 1892.—No. 805.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

“OH, THEN, you're a Free-Trader!”

That does not look, printed, like a very formidable sentence; and yet there was a time when, by the judicious use of expressive emphasis, it was made to sound like a serious indictment. The emphasis fell, in that time of which we are speaking, on the word “Free-Trader;” which was uttered with a surprised seriousness, and a certain amount of reluctance, as if the speaker thought that it was rather a hard thing to say of a man; but that, of course, if the circumstances necessitated it, it had to be said. It was a sentence that implied the closing of the conversation. It was the last thing that could be said; because to go further would be to transgress the bounds of decent social intercourse. The man to whom it was addressed was, of course, expected to deprecate this severe judgement, and to explain that, while his previous remarks might possibly have given ground for such a painful suspicion, he was really incapable of any such iniquity, and still had enough self-respect left to feel hurt at the accusation. In fact, in this time we speak of, to say to a man, “You are a Free-Trader,” or, “You must be a Free-Trader,” was much the same thing as calling him an anarchist or a traitor or an infidel. It closed debate; it put him out of the category of reasoning men, and classed him with the cranks who are to be avoided by all sane people.

Do you know when this time was? Well, it was four little years ago, in the Presidential campaign of 1888. It seems strange, does it not, to remember such a time? And stranger yet it is to consider that only four years separate us from it; it is a wonderful change that has been “operated,” as our French friends say, in those four years. To-day you may say to a man: “Then you are a Free-Trader?” and he will answer you yes or no, as the case may be, with quite as much matter-of-course indifference as though you had simply said to him: “Then you're a Presbyterian?” or, “Then you're an Episcopalian?” He feels as free to choose between the Free-Trade and any other party as he does to choose his own Church for himself. And the change has gone still further. You must be very careful about the way in which you accuse a man of being a Free-Trader, or you may make him one out of pure contrariness, when he is naturally only a mild Tariff-Reformer. Yes, it has actually come to this: You have got to handle the man who leans toward Free-Trade with delicacy and with respectful consideration, or he will get over the fence right before your very eyes; and he won't be ashamed about it either.

This, dear friends, is the history of a bluff—of one of the most unwise and impolitic pieces of strategy to which the Republican party ever allowed itself to be committed. In the days of the grand old leaders whose guidance gave it a right to the name of the “Grand Old Party” it would never have dreamed of such a blunder. But it was a blunder natural enough to the smaller men who took the places, or tried to take the places of the great ones of an elder day; and who, guided by no conviction, no principle, undertook to imitate the tactics of their predecessors. It is easy enough to see how they went astray in their imitation. They could remember the time when opposition to the tenets of the Republican party carried with it a certain imputation or inference of disloyalty—when the man who sat down calmly under the accusation of being a “Copperhead,” practically proclaimed himself a traitor to the Union. Realizing the effectiveness of so striking a method of argument, and not realizing the fact that that effectiveness sprung wholly from its justness and propriety in that particular case, the misleaders of the Republican party thought that they could crush the men who chose to hold opposite opinions on a much vexed and perplexed economical question, by adopting the same formula to close and stifle argument. That is, they said, and they taught their adherents to say: “You are a Free-Trader!” in the same tone of voice, and with the same expression of deep significance, with which they had once said: “You are a Copperhead!”

But it is one thing to be a “Copperhead,” a snake-in-the-grass, an enemy to the Union and a traitor to a great cause; and it is quite another to be a believer in an economic theory which had been adopted and

accepted by great and prosperous nations, and has been supported by the best and soundest thinkers and political economists of the world. And it was a great mistake for the Republican party to attempt to deal with these two classes of opponents upon the same basis. The scheme worked well enough for a little while, of course. Saying “Free-Trade” with the horrified air which naturally goes with such words as “anarchy,” “treason,” “rebellion,” made Free-Trade sound quite shocking and disreputable—but only for a little while. Then the very people who looked properly shocked at the very sound of the wicked word began to ask what it meant. Investigation showed them that, whatever it meant, it did not in the least imply or suggest any sympathy with red-handed crime or gory treason. And then, naturally, came the revulsion of feeling which in the human mind follows any discovery of imposition—a desire to go to the extreme of incredulity—and to laugh lightly at the thing that had been taken for terrible. And thus did this little piece of humbug breed Free-Traders where there were no Free-Traders aforetime.

Humbug costs more than it ever brings in. The opposition of the Republican party to Tariff Reform has lost incalculably in force by being based on a patent misrepresentation. The trick in which the party has been caught casts discredit on all its pretensions. It may be, as the leaders of the party like to believe, that it was this trick which won the presidency for Mr. Harrison in 1888, but just in proportion as it served his end in that year, just in proportion as it deluded people four years ago, it will in this campaign redound to his discredit and work injury to his cause. The man who has been tricked and who finds out that he has been tricked has a personal interest in making a fool of the man who tricked him.

“THE RUNAWAY BROWNS”

by

H. C. BUNNER.

author of

“Short Sixes,” “Airs from Arcady,”

“The Midge,” etc.

Illustrated by C. J. TAYLOR,

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Next week,

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by R. K. MUNKITTRICK,

Author of “Farming,” etc.,

will be begun in PUCK.



CORRECT.

BLOTZ.—What do you think of the Labor Problem?

LEDYARD.—I think it would solve itself if the employers were always out!



ELIGIBLE.

HE.—Will you marry me?
 SHE.—No.
 HE.—Whom *are* you going to marry?
 SHE.—I shall marry whom I please.
 HE.—Well—you please *me*!

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

"How did you know so quickly that he is a reporter?"
 "Because he is acting in such a patronizing way toward all the great men who are here."

A PISCATOR'S PREFERENCE.

(Nantucket.)

In yonder dory, 'neath the midday sun,
 I would n't fish upon the tossing sea,
 Because the fish are caught so rapidly
 That in the thing there is n't any fun.
 To have a fish off with your spoon-hook run,
 Just as it strikes the water, unto me
 Is full of that kind of monotony
 That an artistic sportsman e'er should shun.

Give me the glinting, gliding Delaware,
 And let me sit and muse from morn till night,
 And watch my line upon the waters flash.
 That is the kind of angling, I declare,
 Which, if I catch no fish or get no bite,
 Fills me with joy that can't be bought with cash.

R. K. M.



EASILY EXPLAINED.

MR. HOMESPUN (*taking his first surf bath*).—Gosh, 'Mandy! No wonder folks git sick when they go to sea, ef they hev ter drink water like this.

HOW IT FELT TO MABEL.

Mabel's mother went into the nursery one day, and overheard her little girl saying:

"Now, Dolly, 'ou mus' n't be cwoss, or twy to get away or cwy. If 'ou don't let me fix 'ou up, folks won't say 'ou is nice and kiss 'ou. Be still, now."

"Why, child! What are you doing?" her mother asked, when she came up close to Mabel and noticed that she was pulling out the doll's hair in handfuls.

"Combin' Dolly's hair," the little tot replied.

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

"How far is it around the world?"

In girlish innocence asked she.

"Ah, I will measure it," he said,

"If you 'll permit me, love, to see."

Then when his strong right arm he'd placed

Around her waist so small and trim,

He found it was n't very far—

For she was all the world to him.

Nixon Waterman.



NOT ONLY ORNAMENTAL.

"These new-fangled cushions may be very pretty, but they are uncomfortably hot this kind of weather."

A HORSE MAN.

JOHNSON.—What a horse-laugh Jackson has!

JAMESON.—Well, he ought to have. He won a cool ten thousand at Monmouth last week.

THE POWER OF EMPHASIS.

MRS. LOVEY.—I wish you would send me some Little Neck clams.

FISH-DEALER.—Sorry; but we 're all out of 'em.

MRS. LOVEY.—I want some *Little Neck Clams*!

FISH-DEALER.—We have n't any.

MRS. LOVEY.—But, I *want* them!

FISH-DEALER.—Very sorry, Ma'am.

MRS. LOVEY (*with haughty surprise*).—But, I *want* them!

FISH-DEALER (*humbly*).—Very well; we will get them for you at once, Ma'am.

PLENTY WILL have to give up her horn before the Prohibitionists will admit that she is truly good.

THE WORLD may owe us a living, but it has n't yet authorized anybody to settle debts of that kind.

WE NEVER realize what "nervous force" is until we find how completely a nervous woman can demoralize us.

"NEXT MORNING" is about as dismal as a theatre after all the lights have been turned out.

The Runaway Browns.

A Story of Small Stories

By H.C. Bunner.

(Began in PUCK, No. 791, May 4th, 1892.)

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE moonlight shone brightly down upon the upper end of North Greenhill County — not the upper end of Greenhill County, which is a pleasant and civilized lowland, but of North Greenhill County, which is a lonely northward upland, spotted with abandoned farms.

With its last rays that night it looked down upon one of the most desolate of all these neglected ghosts of homesteads. It may have been a large farm at one time, but it had evidently been so many kinds of farm in the course of its struggle for existence, that its unlucky acres had long ceased to give the faintest suggestion of pride or promise, or even of plain, ordinary self-respect. There were wrecks of stock-barns and stables; there were stubble-fields where corn and rye had grown; there were broad patches where stray pumpkins and lonely watermelons were all that was left to tell of some forgotten period of cultivation; there were pear and apple orchards gone to wrack and ruin. And apparently one of the latest phases of the farm's struggle for existence had been a desperate attempt at poultry-raising, for two or three home-made brooder-houses and chicken-



runs stood in the back yard of the old frame farm-house, and showed fewer signs of decay than the dismal homestead itself.

At the end door of the newest of these structures — a low building with a narrow-paned skylight in its sloping roof — stood three figures, a good-looking young man and a good-looking young woman, both quite pale in the flooding moonlight, and a lean, long man with a goat-like beard. This latter was speaking in a tone between dubiousness and determination.

"It may be an outrage," he said, "but it's all the place I've got to put you, and it's all the lock-up the town's had in three years. If your lady don't like it, she can sit outside; she ain't under no arrest."

"Oh, no, Paul!" cried Adèle; "I'll go in there with you."

"Very well, Marm," said the Sheriff; "the last man in there was a nigger, and he was perfectly satisfied."

A minute later he had locked the door upon his two captives. He took a step toward the house, then he stopped and seemed to hesitate. But, after a moment, as though to give himself courage, he lifted the skirt of his coat to his nose; and, as he smelled of it, a look of stern resolution came into his face, and he proceeded with a firm step toward the house.

Paul Brown gazed after him through the narrow parallel bars of the skylight-frame, in which a few panes of glass were still to be seen. He clinched his hands, and his chest heaved. When he saw the farm-house door close behind the Sheriff, he slowly took off his coat, folded it, laid it upon an inverted water-pail in the corner, and with a courtly gesture invited his wife to take the seat thus prepared. Then, without saying a word, he proceeded to try the roof and the sides of the house with his shoulder.

The gentlemen who can put their shoulders through inch plank and two-by-three joist may be seen almost any evening at any well-regulated Bowery theatre, escaping from loathsome dungeons and burning garrets, generally with a lovely heroine thrown over the shoulder that is not doing the bucking. But then they have six nights practice a week, to say nothing of matinées; and as this was the first time that Paul Brown had tried it,

it was no wonder that he failed. When he found that he could not break out, he sat down on a box by the side of his wife and hid his face in his hands. Something shook his shoulders. They were only flesh and blood, after all. When his wife saw his shoulders shake, she put both her arms around his head and said:

"I don't mind, dear."

But Paul minded, and he knew in his inmost soul that he had good reason to mind. So far, in their little journey into the world, they had met with ill-luck, discomfort, privation, and even with physical danger. They had encountered suspicion and rude treatment: they had been cheated and imposed upon. And they had taken all that had come with light and contented hearts, as their share of the bad chances in the game of life.

But now they stood face to face with the bitter opposition of personal malignity; and Paul knew that all the pleasant and joyous spirit had gone out of their wayfaring, even if he were able to save this brave little wife from cruel annoyance and humiliation, such as a mean and narrow-minded yokel might delight to inflict, in the gratification of a petty spite.

And, no matter how long out of service it may be, a chicken-house never entirely recovers from the smell.

Suddenly Paul felt his wife's encircling arms twitch violently.

"Paul," she whispered, releasing him, "look there!"

As Paul looked up, he could not check a quick, cold chill about the roots of his hair. Straight in front of him, clearly visible through the skylight, stood a gigantic coal-black negro, stock-still in the moonlight, like some uncanny monster out of the Arabian Nights. There was something frightful about the huge creature as he stood there, silent and motionless, staring at them with his broad, brute-like face. It was not until Paul observed a slight but regular lateral movement of the lower jaw, that he recognized the fact that a tie of common humanity bound him to the strange apparition. Paul smoked and the negro chewed, but tobacco belongs to the world of men and not to the world of spirits.

A gleam of hope sprang up before the prisoners, as the negro, with a sudden, cat-like movement, advanced toward them, and grinned at them through a broken pane. It was a friendly grin; a kindly grin; a broad grin, perhaps; but it seemed to them a very beautiful grin.

"D'ye want to get out, boss?" he whispered. And the first twang of angel harps could not have sounded more sweet.

"I DO!" said Paul, with a vehemence and emphasis which he had been saving up for some time.

"What's it with?" asked the negro, flashing his white teeth in the moonlight.

"Anything!" said Paul, who felt for the moment that if that negro wanted the Congo River he ought to have it.

"Anything ain't nothing, once you get out," said the negro with a cheerful laugh.

Paul saw that he had to deal with a man of the world, and went down into his pocket for his last handful of change.

He held it to the light in the hollow of his palm. The negro's face lit up with the illumination of avarice.

"Hand it out here, boss," he said.

"Hand us out," Paul said briefly and decisively.

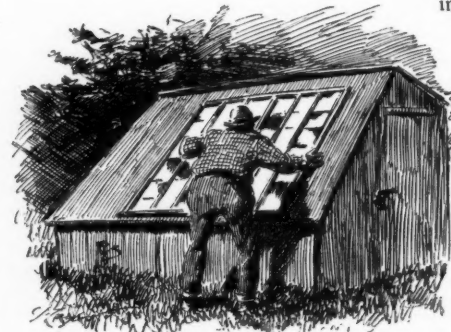
Caucasian and Ethiopian gazed into each other's eyes. It was a struggle of will; and the Caucasian triumphed. The Ethiopian's eyes fell.

"I've got to trust to your honor as a gentleman, boss," he said. "What are you in for? Horses?"

"Confound your black impudence!" began Paul; and instantly a smile of happy confidence irradiated the hitherto doubtful face of the dark-colored stranger.

"Knowed you was a gentleman, boss," he said, promptly. "Now, just step to that eend over there and put yo' hand up to the roof. Feel a hook and staple thah, sah? Yas? Well, jest onhitch that hook. Now push the skylight up. Dere you are, sir. Lemme hold it open till your lady gets out."

In a dazed sort of way, Paul stepped out and helped Adèle after him, while the negro stood by, amiably grinning and holding the ventilating skylight open. In a dazed sort of way Paul paid over the remaining change



in his pocket, to the last cent. In a dazed sort of way he inquired in what direction the railroad lay; and in a dazed sort of way the two Browns went toward the station.

When the midnight train roared on its southward way, after a brief stop at a little branch station just above the border-line of New York and New Jersey, it left behind it a station-agent and a flagman, who gazed speculatively, by the light of a couple of lanterns, at a curious little heap of personal belongings on the shelf in front of the ticket-seller's window.

"Mighty fishy security for two tickets to the Junction, Jim," said the station-agent, reflectively; "but I done it on *her* face, and I'll bet I don't get left, neither."

He turned over the articles in the heap before him. They were as follows:

One nickel-plated Waterbury watch,
One lady's pencil case,
One gentleman's silk pocket-handkerchief,
One penknife with a corkscrew in it,
One small onyx scarf-pin,
One silver match-safe,
One very dry cigar,
One visiting card:

MR. PAUL BROWN.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was just six o'clock of a Summer's morning. The sun was lifting a soft opal mist off a little Jersey town which peeped out of a nest of young green trees. A couple of young people, who looked somewhat the worse for wear, turned into a broad cheerful street with taller trees along the edge of the roadway, and with a row of low, spreading-roofed cottages on each side. Every house stood in a large generous patch of lawn or garden. At the further end of the street stood an old white church with a great pillared portico in front.

The young people turned into the gateway of one of the prettiest houses on the street. The roses were blooming in the front yard. The gravel walks were as neat as a new pin. Ampelopsis climbed over half the house; and there were scarlet runners on the sunny side.

One of the couple was a young man. The other was a young woman. When they got inside the gate they looked at each other, and the young woman said to the young man:

"Paul, do you know where we are?"

The young man looked with inquiring interest at the ampelopsis and the scarlet-runners.



THE PUBLIC MUST BE AMUSED.

HUSTLING CORRESPONDENT.—By the way, can you give me an interview on the political situation?

GEN. BIGBOOM.—I know nothing about it.

HUSTLING CORRESPONDENT.—Well, give me an interview telling what you don't know about it.

IT IS TOO often the "better half" who does n't know how the other half of her world lives.

A COOL WAVE—The Fan's.

HUNGER MAY be an evil, but it is the cause of nearly all the industry in this world.

A NICE SUMMER RESORT.

On Greenland's icy mountains,
That's where I want to be,
This weather, when the mercury
Abides at ninety-three.
For some sweet maiden Eskimo
I'd swap Bess, Nell, or Cora,
And at her daddy's igloo gate
We'd study the Aurora.

"BORN LEADERS OF MEN"—Women.

THE REALISTS might remember, if they only would, that there are several other things in the world quite as real as nastiness.

"Paul," said the young woman, "we are At Home."

Paul felt that some religious ceremony was needed, so he took off his hat. Then they went into the house. The bright morning light filtered through the closed blinds into a pretty little parlor. The two young people, who seemed very disheveled indeed, once they were inside the house, stood in the middle of the room and looked about them.

"It needs pictures," said Adèle, "and flowers and books and nonsense things. And, Paul, it's going to have them!"

But Paul was not thinking about the future adornment of the room. He was a man, and he hated to be laughed at. His eyes sought his open desk. He walked straight across the room, picked up a large unopened envelope that was lying upon it, and with a look of rapture he held it up for his wife to see.

"Yes, sir; I took the liberty of not delivering it, sir," said a familiar voice.

They turned, and saw Mrs. Wimple standing in the doorway.

"Lord bless your dear souls!" said Mrs. Wimple. "I knew you would n't be no year away." She took off Adèle's hat and gave her a motherly kiss. "Now you go right upstairs," she said, "and get yourselves ready, and I'll have breakfast on the table in no time. You look like you've been traveling all night. I kinder s'picioned you'd be home to-day, and so I raised some of them biscuit over night, that you say you like so dreffle much. And there's five cucumbers on the vine in the back yard."

And she sailed off, leaving a stream of talk behind her, and went into the kitchen, where she talked right on, to the cat, in the gladness of her heart.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brown went upstairs, where they had an orgy with cold water, clean soap, and soft towels. Then they came downstairs, and Adèle led the way out-doors, and they walked down the neat paths among the flowers. Paul thought she was going to pluck a nosegay for the breakfast table, but she was not. She only moved among the flowers, caressing them with the tips of her fingers, patting their heads, and touching their cool cheeks as though they had been so many children. A great fat sleepy stock shook down a dash of water, and wet her hand, as she chucked him under his white double chin; but she only laughed.

"Paul," she said, "do you know how long our year has been?"

"What year?" asked Paul.

He was doing so much thinking that he was stupid for the moment.

"The year that we ran away for," said Adèle. "It began last Monday, and it ends to-day; and to-day's Saturday."

"I knew it was n't a year," said Paul;

"but there was a good deal of it while it lasted."

"Yes," assented Adèle; "and do you know what *we* we've been?"

"A pair of fools," answered Paul promptly.

"Yes, dear," said his wife, taking his face between the tips of her dewy fingers and pulling it down, so that she could look into his eyes; "but *nice* fools, don't you think?"

"Breakfast is ready," said Mrs. Wimple.

THE END.

WANTED TO LEAVE BEFORE THE COLLECTION.

ELDER BERRY.—Joblots mortified his wife terribly at church yesterday.

MRS. BERRY.—How was that?

ELDER BERRY.—He asked the usher to put him down for a call at 12:30.

LOVE LAUGHS at locksmiths, but it gives very respectful attention to the goldsmith.

"IT is the little things that worry a man," remarked the father of a family of girls, as he paid a large bill for his daughters' bathing-suits.



A SUMMER ROMANCE.



PAIR of fond lovers sat cooing
Beside the old moss-covered well;
They spoke of undying devotion,
Which Language but faintly could tell.

The swain in the well dropped a pebble,
And whispered, as tender he grew:
"Until this stone comes to the surface,
My love shall be steadfast and true!"

The maid threw a twig in the water,
And sweetly she lisped with a sigh:
"Until this twig sinks to the bottom,
My love for you, dear, shall not die!"

Alas, for the heat of the Summer,
The water dried up drop by drop—
And, lo! the twig lay at the bottom,
The stone re-appeared at the top.

But where were the fond, faithful lovers
Who vows of sweet constancy swore?
Oh, they had ceased loving each other
Some two or three fortnights before!

Milton Goldsmith.

SATISFIED.

BARBER.—Your hair is getting very thin on top, sir.

CUSTOMER.—That 's the way I like it. I 'd look well with a bushy top and thin edges to my scalp, would n't I?

THE DEAR THING.

MISS CROFUT.—This little cup and spoon were given to me on my first birthday.

MISS PUSSLEV.—Oh, I must show them to Mama! she has a perfect rage for old silver.

NOT ALWAYS TRUE.

SPATTS.—Dead men tell no tales.

BUNKER.—I don't know about that. I knew a man who wrote his own epitaph.

GARNICHT.—Why is it rutable, when an agent gets you a pension, to give him ten dollars?

ARMOY CORE.—Because there is no precedent for giving him ten days.

TIME CHANGES all things, they say; but he is a conservative when it comes to sticking to his own twenty-four hours a day.

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL—Vassar.

THE RACE is not always to the swift; but the fast are always sure to be in attendance.



FROM WILDNESS TO CIVILIZATION.

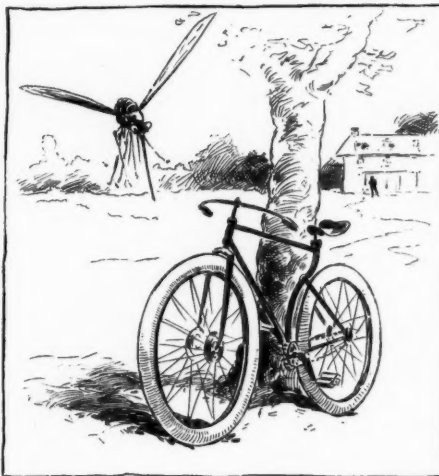
MR. LAKESIDE BOOM (of Chicago).—The growth of the city is something astounding. See that lot over there? Well, I 'll give you my word of honor that the Indians made their home there only a year ago.

SIR HAWLEY HAW (of Hawthorne Hall, England).— — — — —!

MR. PRAIRIE PUSH (opposition boomer).—Yes; they were members of a Wild West Show.

THE PNEUMATIC MOSQUITO.

A NEW JERSEY IDYL.



I.

A LAP-DOG'S LIFE.

"She pets her husband all the time."
"Yes; he leads a regular dog's life."

AT THE CLUB.

REGGY WESTEND.—Did you hear of any trouble between Frank Treadwell and his wife?

OLD GRUMPY.—Heard they were married; that 's trouble enough, is n't it?

DIFFERENCES.

"I can't work without inspiration," said the Poet.

"And I," observed the Undertaker, "am quite as badly off. I can not work without expiration."

"DYSPEPSIA HAS made old Washington Pye the most uncomfortable impossible man to get along with that I ever saw."

"Is that so?"

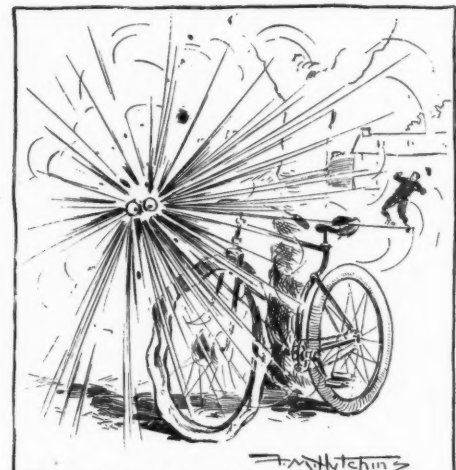
"Why, yes; he's got so at last that even his food can't agree with him!"



II.



III.



IV.

THE RISE OF PIETRO AND JACOPO.



Pietro and Jacopo land in America in a modest and unassuming manner.



Pietro seeks employment, and is engaged to take charge of the sweeping department of a gilded café.



Jacopo soon after establishes himself in the boot-blackening line, near the door of the aforesaid café. Through the brotherly exertions of Pietro—

AN UNREASONABLE PATIENT.

"Now, sir," said Dr. Paresis, after making a careful examination of the symptoms, "I will leave you some medicine, which you will take according to the directions I shall place on the bottle. But the medicine alone is not sufficient. You must give up the use of intoxicating drinks of all kinds."

"But, Doctor," pleaded the patient, "I never use them. I am a total abstainer."

"Um-m-m. Well, in that case you must discontinue indulgence in tobacco."

"I never used it, in any form."

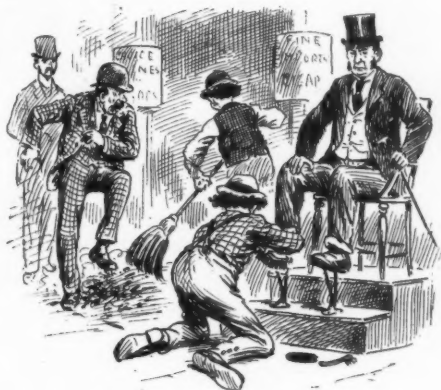
"No? Well you will have to dispense with tea and coffee for a few months."

"I never drink anything but water and milk, Doctor."

"Indeed? Yours is rather a strange case. Then we'll try what effect a rigid abstinence from a meat diet will have."

"I have never eaten meat. My parents brought me up a strict vegetarian."

"You surprise me. But you really must abandon the use of pastry of all kinds."



—the affairs of Jacopo prosper, and—



—by strict attention to business they actually reach the top of the ladder, as above.

"Doctor, a piece of pie has n't passed my lips for ten years."

"Well, sir," said the physician, severely, after a moment's gaze into the unfortunate man's face; "you are the most unreasonable patient I ever saw. How on earth is medical science to take hold of a case when the patient has n't a single solitary thing to give up? I resign the case, sir. I'll have nothing further to do with it."

And he walked out.

William Henry Siviter.

PUT THE average city man upon a remote ocean island, where all is salubrious and cool during the panting dog-days, and, instead of being satisfied, he will begin to worry, because he can not learn the result of the championship ball-games until three or four days after they have been played.

TOAST TO BERNHARDT—*Che Sara Sara.*

CONDUCTOR.—What is the G. P. A. having so many popular excursions for?

BRAKEMAN.—Ter boom t' R. R.!

SIDNEY SMITH made a mistake; instead of wishing to sit down in his bones to cool off, he should have chosen to abide in his own shadow. There are no ribs in that evanescent property through which the hot sun-beams can percolate.

"IT'S BEST to strike while the iron is hot," said the mill hand, as he walked out with the rest, leaving the furnace full of molten metal.

MRS. MANNERS.—Your outrageously behaved young friend does n't act like a gentleman of the old school.

OLD SINNICK.—No; he acts more like a gentleman of the Yale College.

THE ARBITRATOR is the only man who is fully satisfied by arbitration.

INTERVIEWER.—Are you going to support Cleveland in this campaign?
TAMMANY MAN.—Certainly I am; where's a good place to buy a whetstone?

IF WE may believe in the striker's expressed sympathy for Law and Order, he is a man who often does much violence to his finer feelings.

THE QUALITY of political crow is decided by whether it is a voice or an article of diet.



OF USE.

POET (timidly).—Ah—er—were you able to use that poem I left yesterday?

EDITOR.—Yes—

POET.—Oh, kind sir! thanks.

EDITOR.—Yes: It just stopped up that stovepipe hole tip-top.



"VERY CLOSELY RELATED."



J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Pucc Building, N.Y.

THEY ARE GOING TO TRY TH



TRY THE OLD FAKE AGAIN!

ONE WEEK WITH OUR NEW SERVANT-GIRL.



SUNDAY.



MONDAY.



TUESDAY.



WEDNESDAY.



THURSDAY.



FRIDAY.



SATURDAY.

OUT OF HIS SIGHT.

He was cantankerous that morning, and was taking it out on his pretty typewriter.

"Everything is in confusion on this desk," he said, testily.

"It always is," she responded, meekly. "You insist that you don't want anything disturbed there."

"Well, I don't want my papers disturbed, but I don't want this sheet of postage stamps left here."

"Where shall I put them?" she inquired, demurely, as she took them up.

"Don't ask so many questions!" he snapped. "Put them anywhere out of my sight."

"Very well, sir," she cooed as softly as a dove; and, giving them a swipe, fore and aft, with her pretty red tongue, she stuck the sheet on his bald head, and walked out to chase a new job.

A BOARDING-HOUSE BEAUTY —
Three Square Meals a Day.

SHE WAS PREPARED.

GEORGE BILLING. — Do you know, the physicians declare that kissing is apt to produce a disease called — I've forgotten the name, but —

MAUDE COOING. — The — Never mind, George; I've been vaccinated!



"WILL GIVE THE HIGHEST PRICES FOR CAST-OFF CLOTHES."

DEACON VERIGOOD. — I wonder what Brother Bluchips meant when he spoke to me to-day?

MRS. VERIGOOD. — What did he say?

DEACON VERIGOOD. — I was so wrapped up in meditations on the sermon that I forgot to take up the collection, and he poked me and said: "Don't forget the kitty!"

A MAN HAS to get up early to get the start of the thermometer, nowadays.

LET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR —
The Policeman, Usually, by the Cook.

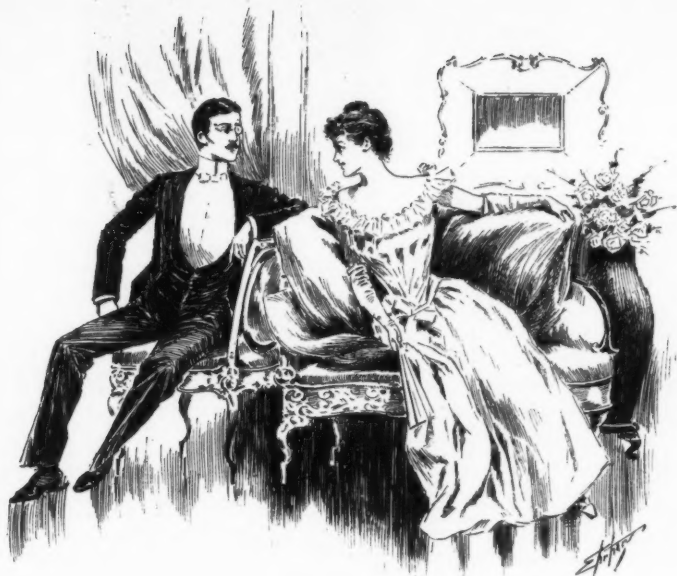
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ASKS BUT LITTLE.

JACK LEVER.—How you do neglect Reggy Westend! He brought you here and you have n't danced with him once.

HELEN HYLER.—Oh, he does n't mind; it's enough for him to be in the room with me!

IS DIVORCE A FAILURE?

(Society News. Great Scott (O.) Clarion.)



ONE OF THE prettiest functions of the present brilliant social season was the divorcal ceremony at St. Dives last night, the high-dissenting parties being Miss Birdie Spotts, *mariee* Timmons, and Mr. John Ernest Timmons, of the well-known general dry-goods firm of Trotter & Timmons. (See their card in another column.)

Long before the appointed hour the streets were thronged by an expectant crowd, and when the carriage, drawn by four black horses and containing Mr. and Mrs. Timmons, finally appeared, the enthusiasm became unbounded, and the local constabulary had some difficulty in forcing a passage to the sacred edifice. Both Mr. and Mrs. Timmons seemed visibly gratified at the expression of good-will, and scattered largess in the shape of rice and old shoes among their well-wishers with a lavish hand. This was the first time in the social history of Great Scott that largess has been extensively employed; but it was manifestly in keeping with the desire of all concerned to do the big thing by the town; and if 405 pounds of first quality pearl rice goes for anything, the big thing was done. Hon. H. Winterbottom was unfortunate enough to have a grain of rice lodge in his right eye, causing him great pain; but it was skillfully extracted by affable and accomplished "Doc." Curtis, of No. 4 Business Block, and Hon. Winterbottom is now largely on the mend.

It is needless to remark that the church was filled with what, in terms of pleasant badinage, may be called the *éclat* of Great Scott. And when the door was finally closed against the rush, people were standing all over the person of Hon. Col. Dawson, representative from the Cowlick district. He was removed to his residence, and an attempt will be made this morning to resuscitate him by electricity. (The *Clarion* will contain a full account of the experiment, and will issue an extra if public interest continues unabated.)

The party entered to the strains of "Good-by, Sweetheart, Good-by," the procession being headed by Mr. and Mrs. Timmons. The fair divorcée looked lovely in black satin, with the conventional willow leaves, and Mr. Timmons's shirt, stamped with symbolical designs in broken fetters and severed true-lovers' knots, was generally commented upon. We regret that reasons of a business nature prevent us from giving the names of the ushers. They will be found in the list of delinquent subscribers to this paper on page 4. (We propose to keep up this social pressure, boys, until something drops. ED. *Clarion*.)

The anthem sung by the choir was the decree of the Court, which had been specially arranged and set to music by T. Jefferson Lane, the gentlemanly and efficient organist of the church.

The opening movement, to the words, "County of Miami, State of Ohio, ss.," was particularly fine, as was also the chorus beginning, "Nobody Built the Kitchen Fire." Perhaps the best number, musically, was the tenor solo, "She Attended a Browning Club," although many preferred the aria for alto, "He Would Eat Sugar on His Lettuce." (Mr. Lane's latest composition, "Angel Voices Softly Breathing," with bass-drum accompaniment, may be had at this office, price fifty cents.—*Adv.*)

Judge Pennyquick, assisted by Barrister Ball, performed the simple and touching, annulment ceremony, and the function concluded with the high handshake, which seemed to give great satisfaction to all. Mr. Timmons imported the shake from Columbus, recently, and is now giving it away with every pound of tea at his K Street emporium. The organ struck up the familiar, "We Never Speak as We Pass By," and Miss Spotts proceeded down the aisle on the arm of her father, Hon. Spotts, while Mr. Timmons, with his best man, retired to the welcome seclusion of the vestry. A large "at home" was given at the Spotts residence, immediately afterward, Miss Birdie being assisted in receiving by her bridesmaids of a month ago. A good time was had by all present. Mr. Timmons gave a spread at the Abattoir Club to a few Congenials, which at a late hour last night was still under way, the noise seriously interfering with the working of the *Clarion* presses.

The presents were both numerous and costly, and included a complete button-sewing outfit, and set of baccarat counters to Mr. Timmons, and a pack of new visiting cards and paid-up subscription to the Escort Club to Miss Birdie, besides a host of pretty trifles and *bijouterie*. (If this word is n't spelled right, it is a typographical error. SOCIETY EDITOR *Clarion*.)

Miss Spotts leaves to-day for Bluejay Centre, where she will be the guest of her uncle, Rev. Spotts. Come back soon, Birdie. Mr. Timmons will be found daily at the Mammoth Cash Store on K Street, where he hopes to see all his old friends and many new ones. (Large assortment of imported suspenders, in all colors, just received.—*Adv.*)

We reproduce below the card of invitation, both as a matter of journalistic enterprise, and by way of calling attention to our unapproachable job work.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ernest Timmons
have the honor to announce the granting of their
Decree of Absolute Divorce
on the grounds of
Incompatibility of Temperament.
The pleasure of your company is requested at the
Formal Annulment
on Sunday, September the Eighth,
Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-two
at eight o'clock.
St. Dives Church.
Please do not send flowers.

H. D.



"THE PLAGUE OF CUSTOM."

VON SCHRIBBEL.—I just wish to leave those few short stories with the editor. What is customary? I've never done any work for the papers before.

OFFICE BOY.—Well, it's the general custom to leave 'em, an' then come back in a day or two—an' get 'em.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists
Warehouses: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.
CHICAGO, ILL., Cor. Wabash Ave. & Jackson St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 305 to 314 Post Street.
KANSAS CITY, MO., 1128 Main Street.

A Famous French Chef

once wrote: "The very soul of cooking is the stock-pot, and the finest stock-pot is

Liebig Company's Extract of Beef."

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Genuine only with signature. Invaluable in improved and economic cookery. For Soups, Sauces and Made Dishes.

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Owing to the extraordinary demand for the

CORROCCO TABLETS,

an imitation has been placed on the market. Smokers are requested to see that the signature of E. G. Lewis & Co. is on each box (never sold in bulk). Corrocco Tablets only contain the gum and pure charcoal; absolutely harmless in any quantity. A single tablet dissolved on the tongue after the day's smoking, will instantly remove all traces of the nicotine, cleansing the system, and relieving nervousness, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, and other disorders from smoking. With Corrocco in your pocket, smoke to your heart's content. Sample box by mail, 25 cts. At all druggists.

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Hotel on the American Plan.
Absolutely first class.
Rooms en suite or single,
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SMOKE TANSILL'S PUNCH 5c. CIGAR.
30 YEARS THE STANDARD. 383

OLD CLOTHES MADE NEW. We clean or dye the most delicate shade or fabric. No ripping required. Repair to order. Write for terms. We pay expressage both ways to any point in the U. S. McEwen's Steam Dye Works and Cleaning Establishment, Nashville, Tenn. 427 Mention Puck. 134

He who is in love with himself has no rival.—Ex.



Exact Size.

Perfecto.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK.

EQUAL TO ANY IMPORTED CIGAR. We prefer you should buy of your dealer; if he does not keep them, send \$1.00 for sample box of 10, by mail, to JACOB STAHL, JR., & CO., 168th Street and 3rd Avenue, N. Y. City.

A GRADUATE.

FIRST CHINAMAN.—Come to Melican Sunny school, Ling.

LING LEE.—No goodee now. Me graduated.

FIRST CHINAMAN.—If you graduated, then intlooduce me to you wiffee.—*New York Weekly.*

Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne is naturally fermented; there is nothing in it but the juice of grapes. Try it.



There will be music in the air during the Presidential Campaign, and the demand for bands and drum corps will be great.

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THE
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CINCINNATI, O.



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Is a delicate and refined preparation that the most fastidious ladies do not hesitate to use.

It is fragrant and refreshing and is never unpleasantly noticeable. The test of time is perhaps most assuring, and Pozzoni's Complexion Powder has steadily gained in popularity for thirty years. Try it.

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No. 21, known as the "ROCKY MOUNTAIN LIMITED," leaves Chicago daily at 10.45 a. m., arriving at Denver and Colorado Springs in the afternoon of the next day, earlier than any of its competitors — no extra charge.

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Our Colorado service is made perfect by this new "ROCKY MOUNTAIN LIMITED" and the "BIG 5," and gives to the traveling public TWO FLYERS DAILY each way.

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General Manager. Ass't Gen'l Manager. Gen'l Ticket and Pass. Agt.
CHICAGO.

NINE times in ten the man who volunteers the information that he is sober is not to be believed.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE devil's sandals are so constructed that those who wear them can only walk downhill.—*Ram's Horn.*



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Cabinet of } The } In }
Phantoms. } Wonderful } entirely }
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and to devote nearly three-quarters of the present year to the press-work alone. This work will be done with every possible care, under the personal supervision of Mr. KEPPLER. The subscription list is now open. Those who wish to receive their copies before December next are requested to send in their subscriptions at an early date. *Price per copy, Ten Dollars.*

Address: **KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,**
PUCK BUILDING, N. Y.

EXPLAINED.

MRS. HENPEC (*playfully*).—I don't see why a big dog like that should be afraid of a little girl like you.

LITTLE GIRL.—We's been together so long, I guess he finks I'm he's wife. —*Street & Smith's Good News.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

Bile Beans Small

Positively cure Sick-headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Colds and General debility. 40 to the bottle. Sugar coated. Easy to take. Do not gripe nor sicken the stomach. Sold by druggists. Price 25c. Reliable and economical. Sample dose free.

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I have submitted A. Werner & Co.'s Extra Dry to a chemical analysis, and find it free from any impurities whatever. I therefore cordially recommend it as a pure and healthy American wine. **A. OGDEN DOREMUS, M.D., L.L.D.**
Professor of Chemistry and Physics, College City of New York.

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Presents many points of improvement which will readily commend themselves to all users.

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THE devil sometimes wears a white necktie.—*Ram's Horn.*

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Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. CUNTER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

BE it ever so humble, there's no place like Homestead, just now; and it's a good thing there is not.—*Yonkers Statesman.*



Magic Price 25 Cents
Post paid in U.S.

A Secretarial Mirthmaker! No chemicals or dry-plates. More fun and entertainment than any \$25 CAMERA. You press the ball, everybody laughs! Satisfaction or money returned. Order at once. Dept. "L"
MAGIC INTRODUCTION CO.,
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Other novelties ready.

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FULL LINE OF WELL-RIPENED AND PURE
Sweet Catawba, Dry Catawba, Port, Sherry,
Clarets and Brandy,
MADE EXCLUSIVELY FROM GRAPES.
For sale by all leading Wine Dealers and Grocers.
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Because IT IS PURE and RELIABLE.

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KILLED HIS MAN.

COWBOY.—Guess you never killed a man, did ye?

TENDERFOOT.—Huh; I helped to kill half a dozen of them.

"Here?"

"No. At college."

"Fightin' with 'em?"

"No. Initiating them.—*New York Weekly.*

HE 'LL BEAR WATCHING.

MRS. BILKINS.—I am afraid little Johnny intends to play truant this afternoon and creep under the circus tent.

MR. BILKINS.—Why?

MRS. BILKINS.—At lunch he did n't talk about anything but his lessons. — *Street & Smith's Good News.*

THE fact that lightning never strikes twice in the same place would seem to prove that it was in some way intended to destroy the wicked flea. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

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restorer, and health
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SERGES and MOHAIRS
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All Shades. All Grades.
These fabrics are specially
made for

Warm Weather Wear,
and are both cool and durable.

Suits to measure,

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Early purchasers of Fall Clothing
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14 Styles and
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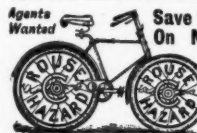
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A \$25 cycle for \$10; others as low.
Largest and oldest dealers in the
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Solid Trains between NEW YORK AND CHICAGO,

Via Chautauqua Lake or Niagara Falls. An enchanting Panorama of mountains, forests and streams.



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MAKING THE ORIGINAL
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**THE GROVER AND CLOVER
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BUTTON AND PIN.**

The most attractive and best selling
Campaign article in the market.

"Grover, Grover, four more years for Grover!
In he goes and out they go,
And then we'll be in clover," etc., etc.

Excellent chance for live men to make money. Send 25
cents for sample button or pin and song accompanying,
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Guaranteed to contain no rosin, or any injurious
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MÜLHENS & KROPFF, New York. 427

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM
THE PERFECTION
OF CHEWING GUM.

A DELICIOUS
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FOR ALL FORMS OF
INDIGESTION.

1-3 of an ounce of Pure Pepsin
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CAUTION—See that the name
Beeman is on each wrapper.
Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to
digest 1,000 grains of food. If it cannot be obtained from
dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to
BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 27 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

BEATTY Piano. Organ. \$99 up. Want agents.
Cat'g free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Wash'ton, N. J. 516



*Smoother than gold
More durable than pure steel*

Samples free at the stationers
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TADELLA PEN CO.
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THE woman who marries a man to reform him
undertakes a job that will ruin her complexion.
Ram's Horn.

Good Cooking

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always
insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail
Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on
the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.



ON HIS WAY TO STAG DINNER.

WIFE (who remembers former stag dinners).—Now, be
careful what you drink!

HUSBAND.—I will promise to reduce all my drinks
with Manitou Mineral Water.

WIFE.—Then I can rest easy while you are away;
and you will rest easy to-morrow, instead of having one
of those headaches.

DUPLICATE WHIST Rules of the game
and price list sent
upon application.
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If you will send for the "Peo-
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learn how to buy and take care
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Varnish is one of the comforts
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THE WISDOM OF THE AGES.

Time:—1692.

Have you heard the tale of Marjory Dee?
I'll tell it as it was told to me.

She was the fairest lass in the town
That lay between the Hill and the Down.

And every lad in the place had planned
To capture Marjory Dee her hand.

But she said that she had no heart to lose;
And among the lot there was naught to choose.



[Therein she uttered a bold-faced lie;
But it's none of my business to tell you why.]

"But I'm going to marry," the maiden said;
"And this is the way that I'll be wed:

"A little greased pig the lads shall chase,
And I will be the prize of the race.

"And whoever shall bring him back to my side,
May have the pig, and me for his bride."

On Fair-day next the town turned out;
And the little greased pig was led about.

At the hour of noon, the Squire of the town
Let him loose, with his head to the down.

And the little pig turned and made for the Hill,
And the lovers chased him with right good will—
Bob and Aleck and Jack and Ned,
Jim and Jerry and Tom and Ted,

Sam and Simeon, Joseph and James,
And others of whom I forget the names,



All started after the little pig,
Chasing him, racing him, little and big,

All of them scurrying up the Hill,
And they stumbled and tumbled and ran their fill.

All? Not all—there was one, just one—
A likely young fellow, who did n't run.

The Butcher's Boy Aleck walked out of the town,
And sat on a stone on the lonely Down.

And smoked his pipe in exceeding peace,
While his riva's ran after the pig and the grease.

* * * * *



And there, about twilight, Maid Marjory came,
With eyes cast down, and a blush of shame;

And her sweet little bosom with sobs was big
As she asked: "Why are n't you chasing that pig?"

But just as she spoke, while far on the Hill
The pig-hunters' shouts were echoing still,

The little greased pig, with dust all brown,
Rushed wildly out on the desolate Down,

And, quite worn out, he fell at the feet
Of the Butcher's Boy and the Maiden sweet.



And Aleck, the Butcher's Boy said, with a grin,
As he firmly gathered the maiden in:

"When I'm after a pig or a girl," said he,
"I always waits till they comes to me!
When will the banns be cried, Marjory Dee?"

